

# THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

## AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 5. NO. 25.

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WHOLE NO. 805

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE,  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,  
BY H. J. HOWARD & B. R. COWEN.

OFFICE ON WEST SIDE OF MARKET ST.,  
IMMEDIATELY BELOW THE MARKET HOUSE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
If paid within three months, \$1.50  
If paid after that time, \$2.00  
Papers discontinued only at the option of the editor,  
while arrears are due.  
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.  
Each square, (11 lines or less), three weeks, \$1.00  
Every additional insertion, 50 cts.  
Yearly advertisements one column, \$4.00  
Half column, \$2.00  
Quarter column, \$1.00  
Professional cards \$3 per annum.  
[All letters addressed to the editor must be paid to  
ensure attention.]

### THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the  
publishers, are considered as wishing to continue their sub-  
scriptions.  
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their pa-  
pers, the publishers may continue to send them until all  
arrearages are paid.  
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their pa-  
pers from the office, or if they are directed, they are held  
responsible until they have settled the bill, and ordered  
their papers discontinued.  
4. If subscribers remove to other places without in-  
forming the publishers, and the papers are sent to the  
former address, they are held responsible.  
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take pa-  
pers from the office, or removing and leaving them  
uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

### POETRY.

#### THE BRIDGE OF SIGH.

"Drowned, drowned,"—Hamlet.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

One more unfortunate  
Weary of breath,  
Easily importunate,  
Gone to her death,  
Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care,  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair.

Look at her garments,  
Glimmering like cerements,  
Whist the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully,  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humbly;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Loop up her tresses,  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair tresses tresses,  
While wonderment guesses  
Where was her home!

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Who had a sister?  
Or had she a brother?  
Or was there a dower one  
Still, and a name one  
Yet than all other?

Alas for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun;  
O! it is pitiful,  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

The bleak winds of March  
Made her tremble and shiver,  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river,  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be buried.

Any where, any where,  
Out of the world.

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran;  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it, think of it,  
Dissolute nun!

Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can,  
Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care,  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair,  
Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness  
Her sins to her Savior.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THE SNOW.

What childlike reflections and what happy  
ceremonies crowd upon the mind as we be-  
hold the first flurry of snow. What golden  
memories of the olden time, when we were a  
boy, cheerful and happy in the country—what  
visions of sleigh-rides and skating and sliding  
down hill, and snow ballings, and snow forts,  
glistening like gorgeous palaces when the sun  
chanced to shed a ray upon them, and from  
whence noisy armies of schoolboys were wont  
to march forth to mimic battle—to conquer  
or to be conquered; what spelling schools,  
where, after spelling a few times round, a  
wonderful "stand up and down," a generous  
emulation, from which the victor would come  
off crowned with greater glories than were  
ever vouchsafed Napoleon in the height  
of his power and prosperity; what winter  
parties, at which all the parties, at which all  
the neighbors, for miles around, almost  
would punctually attend, as full of glee as  
when they were merry school children, like  
ourselves. All these things are brought back  
so fresh as if it were only yesterday by the  
falling of the snow. We can remember how,  
when the snow was damp, we used to com-  
mence rolling a snow-ball fashioned by the  
hand, until, as it rapidly increased in di-  
mensions, it seemed an avalanche, and we  
could not move it further; we called it the founda-  
tion of a magnificent palace, and at every  
intermission would add to it until almost com-  
pleted, when, like air constructed palaces, it  
would melt away.

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision."  
We remember how, for miles and miles a-  
round, the earth would be enveloped in the  
glittering mantle, enlivened by the boisterous  
mirth of children and the merry ringing of

sleigh bells. He who rests his hopes upon  
the snow, rests them upon a slippery founda-  
tion, yet we love the snow. We look upon  
it as one of the immeasurable blessings of  
that wise Master, "who doeth all things well,"  
and though the same thoughts may visit us  
year after year, yet they are, at each visita-  
tion, as welcome and as new as ever they  
were before. O! let us never forget the hap-  
py days we have spent in childhood, nor the  
wretched ones. We are all children. God  
grant we always may be.—*Buffalo Rough*  
Notes.

#### GETTING A SUBSCRIBER.

Tired and fatigued from a long day's ride;  
covered with the dust we had gathered on a  
dry, sandy road, we called at "Squire Hobb's"  
to wet our mouths, rest our bones, and have a  
chat with the 'Squire. On our part, however,  
there was a disposition very soon to talk less  
and doze more. This, Hobb's—a good natured  
soul—perceived, as by intuition; and soon  
left us to the soft influences of nature's  
"sweet restorer."

Now how long we slept we needn't tell, and  
our readers needn't know. It wasn't long,  
however, for loud talking in the 'Squire's of-  
fice soon aroused us, and we listened to a  
conversation highly interesting to us. It  
seems that Joacum Gulic, old Joe, a clever,  
sardonic, close-fisted neighbor of the  
'Squire's—had called to talk about the "crap,"  
and matters and things in general.

"Well, 'Squire," said Mr. Gulic, "do you  
know where a fellow can buy a right smart  
chance of a nigger boy, these times?"

"Really, Uncle Joe, I don't know at this  
time. There was a sale in town last week,  
of some six or eight at one time."

"Yes. And I got a right likely negro boy,  
eighteen years old, for \$450. My word for  
it, I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him  
to-day."

"Just my luck—why I never heard a word  
of it. Who told you, 'Squire?"

"O, you know I take the paper. I saw the  
sale advertised, and as I had to go to town  
any way, I went on the day of sale, thinking  
I might hit a bargain, perhaps, and I did hit a  
bargain, sure."

"Well, I swear, I have got to have a hand,  
somehow. You see I have put in more than I  
have hands to work. 'Who's got a hand to  
hire anywhere about?"

"You're too hard for me again, Uncle Joe;  
the hiring season is over. About a month  
ago all the negroes belonging to the estate of  
H—, deceased, were out at auction, and  
I told them very low."

"The d—! you say. Why didn't you tell  
me 'Squire?"

"I hardly know why. I saw it advertised  
in our paper, and I supposed everybody took  
that. More'n that, I didn't know you wanted  
to hire. Did you know I have sold my Harden  
tract of land?"

"No, indeed. Who to?"

"Why, to a rich old fellow from Alabama.  
It was day before yesterday, and I got the  
"yellow boys," cash up—only six dollars per  
acre. He said, that he came across our pa-  
per in "Old Alabama." I've liked the descrip-  
tion of the country; saw my wee bit of an  
advertisement, and came to see about it. We  
struck a trade in no time."

"Jerusalem! And here I've been trying to  
sell a tract of land for the last two years, &  
couldn't get a dollar and a half an acre. It's  
better land than yours, too, and you know it,"  
'Squire. Well, what is it, and can't be 'tie-  
er, but I reckon, 'Squire, I've beat you on su-  
gar. I bought, last week, two barrel of sugar  
at 6 cents, when everybody else had to give 7  
cents. Beat that, eh?"

"With all ease, Uncle Joe—I bought  
mine at 5 cents."

"No, sir—I don't believe it. Now say  
where?"

"At the house of W— & Co. I got a  
rare bargain. You see they advertised in the  
paper that they were selling off at cost. I  
knew groceries would go quick, so I bought a  
year's supply. Their groceries were all sold  
before night, I didn't pay the money either  
for they took my U. S. Land Warrant at \$1-  
25 per acre."

"Now, now, 'Squire that can't be, for my  
lawyer told me that it wasn't legal to sell my  
Land Warrant."

"Very true, some time ago; but the news  
came lately in the paper that Congress had  
made them assignable!"

"Well, isn't that its rascality! What right  
has these editors to get all the news and keep  
it to themselves?"

"Ah! Uncle Joe, you misunderstand it. Ed-  
itors and printers labor night and day to gather  
the news, and give it to the people—to in-  
struct their readers—to inform them of all  
the improvements of the age—and ameliorate  
the condition of society. Their paper goes  
abroad, recommending our people and country  
to interesting and intelligent emigrants. Can  
they labor thus for nothing? Should they not be  
paid? Is there a man who is not benefitted  
by a paper? Is not every subscriber repaid  
four-fold for the pittance of \$2, his subscrip-  
tion price?"

"Stop, 'Squire! stop right there! I'm going  
to take the paper. I'll take six, and send  
some back to my kinfolks in Georgia."

"You needn't go far for that—the editor  
right in the room."

Laura; the child has only got wind in its stom-  
ach.

#### Anticipated Conflagration in Rome.

Dr. Cumming, in his "Apocalyptic Sketches,"  
and many other authors have asserted, as their  
interpretation of some parts of the Apocalypse,  
that Rome will be destroyed by fire from  
heaven, or swallowed up by an earthquake, or  
overwhelmed with destruction by volcanoes,  
as the visible punishment of the Almighty for  
its Popery and its crimes. I am unwilling to  
deduce any argument of this kind from the  
prophecies which are unfilled; but I behold  
everywhere—in Rome, near Rome & through  
the whole country of Italy, from Rome to Na-  
ples, the most astounding proofs, not merely  
of the possibility, but of the exceeding proba-  
bility, that the whole region of central Italy  
will one day suffer under such a catastrophe.

The soil of Rome is of a volcanic origin; the  
smell of the sulphur which we found to be  
most disagreeable must be the result of vol-  
canic subterranean action still going on. At  
Naples, the boiling sulphur is seen bubbling  
near the surface of the earth. When I drew  
a stick along the ground, the sulphurous smoke  
followed the indentation; and it would never  
surprise me to hear of the utter destruction of  
the entire of Italy.—*Thomson's Journal of a*  
*Tour.*

There are three kinds of men in this  
world—the "Wills," the "Wonts," and the  
"Cants." The former effect everything, the  
latter fail in everything. "I will," builds our railroads  
and steamboats. "I won't," don't believe in  
"experiments and nonsense," while "I can't,"  
grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends  
his days in the slow digestion of a court of  
bankruptcy.

Attorney-General Crittenden was married  
to the widow of the late Gen. Ashley,  
at Dr. Pyne's Church at 6 o'clock on Feb.  
27. The ceremonies were intended for a  
few friends only, but the news got abroad  
and the Church was filled. The President  
and the President elect, several members of  
the present and prospective Cabinet, General  
Scott, Mr. Guthrie, with Kentuckians from  
all quarters, Judges of the Supreme Court,  
Senators, Representatives, and the people  
generally were there. Rev. Dr. Pyne officiated,  
assisted by a chaplain in the Navy.  
Secretary Everett gave away the bride.

PROFANEY REDUCED.—A friend sends us  
the following, which although it has been  
published heretofore, we think it  
published too frequently.—*Eds. Cour & Eng.*  
A true extract from the original "General Or-  
der Book" of Gen. Washington, under date  
of 29th July, 1779.

"Many and pointed orders have been issued  
against that unmeaning and abominable cus-  
tom of swearing—notwithstanding which,  
with much regret, the General's obe-  
dience it prevails, if possible, more than  
ever. His feelings are continually wounded  
by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers  
whenever he is in hearing of them. The  
name of that Being, from whose bountiful  
goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy  
the comforts of life, is incessantly imprecated  
and profaned in a manner as wanton as it  
is shocking. For the sake therefore of religion,  
decency and order, the General hopes and  
trusts that officers of every rank will use their  
influence and authority to check a vice which  
is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shame-  
ful."

"If officers would make it an invariable  
rule to reprimand, and if that does not do,  
punish soldiers for offences of kind, it could  
not fail of having the desired effect."

#### Society of Friends.

The following are the statistics returned by  
the recent Census in regard to the Society of  
Friends:

States.	No. of Churches.	Agg.
Connecticut,	5	1,025
Delaware,	9	3,650
Georgia,	2	500
Illinois,	6	1,550
Indiana,	5	43,015
Iowa,	5	1,550
Maine,	24	7,295
Maryland,	26	7,760
Massachusetts,	37	13,725
Michigan,	7	1,400
New Hampshire,	15	4,700
New Jersey,	52	25,545
New York,	132	49,314
North Carolina,	30	12,620
Ohio,	94	30,866
Pennsylvania,	141	60,974
Rhode Island,	18	6,370
South Carolina,	1	500
Tennessee,	4	1,600
Vermont,	7	2,550
Virginia,	14	6,300
Dist. of Columbia,	1	200
Total,	714	282,823

#### Civilization of the Past.

A strange mystery hangs around the his-  
tory of America, previous to the intrusion of  
the white man. When Cortez dwelt upon the  
Island of Cuba, his eye wandered over the  
deep, and as he beheld the "Tropic sun"  
glare away down in the West, he conjured  
visions of magnificence and glory; and in  
the far distance beheld the sunny land where  
his dreams were to mould themselves into  
practical realities. Through years he struggled  
for a mastery of sufficient wealth to speed  
him and his followers over the intervening  
sea; and at last cut loose from the bound  
shore, to penetrate where never yet white  
man had trodden. After gaining the Con-  
tinental shore, fired with adventure and a  
glowing hope, he burned his ships to cut off  
all retreat, and with his brave men turned to-  
wards Montezuma's Halls.

The history of that adventure we have  
read—how that, at every step, he saw signs  
of very marked Civilization, and how, when  
he reached the Capital City, he beheld his  
most glowing dreams realized, in the daz-  
zling splendor of mighty Teocals, Temples  
and Altars. This is the province of His-

tory to relate; but we pause upon the very  
threshold of the Mexicans' Temples to ask,  
whence came all this consummate Art—all  
this deep insight into Science—all this very  
advanced Civilization? The words die  
into an empty echo, for the Past keeps her  
secrets hid in darkness, which no eye has yet  
been able to pierce. It will not suffice, for  
the proud Aztec to say, "We came from the  
North, and found here, in this lonely valley,  
a race of people far advanced in Art and  
Science, who moved away upon our intrusion,  
into the far South;" it will not do for the  
Toltec to say, "We came from the North, and  
whence came they? Who shall say!"

Fired with a thirst for Gold and Glory—  
the Spaniards' incentives to great deeds—  
Pizarro dared to seek new and untrodden fields  
for adventure, and at last penetrated through  
the wilds of Peru into the home of her In-  
cas, where even more magnificent than the  
Spaniards' brain had dared to conceive, met  
his astonished vision. Stately Palaces with  
Gold and Silver mountings, ponderous struc-  
tures of carved Stone, Highways, bridges,  
cultivated fields watered by perfect system  
of irrigation, every where met his gaze, and  
made the weary Castilian laugh for excess of  
joy.

The history of that Peruvian adventure is  
known to every reader of Prescott, and needs  
no rehearsal, but we can thrust back the query,  
"Whence came all this splendor of Art—all  
this practical Science?"—for the Incas, history  
is shrouded even in deeper mystery than  
that of the Mexican, and for the present, we  
must turn to our own imaginations for an an-  
swer to the query.

The recent movement towards Central A-  
merica, by large numbers both of English  
and Yankee adventures, holds out the hope  
that their restless explorations of that coun-  
try may gradually extend from Nicaragua to  
Guatemala, and lead to important discoveries  
among the Cities described by Stephens as  
crumbling to decay, and overgrown and al-  
most hidden by the luxuriant forests of that  
Tropical clime. The sculpture upon these  
splendid ruins contains, doubtless, as does  
the sculpture of the East, a history of the  
Nations who erected them. And the time  
may not be far distant, when some American  
Champlain shall discover the key by which  
to unravel the obscurity of these records of  
the Past.—*Saturday Register.*

#### A SHORT ROMANCE.—Under the above caption, Mrs. Swishelm's paper of the pre- sent week tells the following:

"Among the freight which passed through  
this city last week on the underground rail-  
road, was a daughter of a 'restless and in-  
fluential' citizen of Louisiana, a young lady  
of remarkable beauty, and no mean  
of spirit and intelligence. She had been  
well brought up and kindly cared for by her  
father; but a creditor levied on her for debt.  
She was placed in a calaboose for safe keep-  
ing, and for the inspection of purchasers. A-  
mongst those who thought of buying the  
article, was one gentleman who wished to  
learn if her bust was indebted to padding for its  
form; but the girl, resenting this pursuit after  
knowledge as a personal insult, dashed him  
from her; whereupon this representative of  
southern chivalry drew a heavy whip, and  
dealt her a blow which she caught upon her  
right arm and shoulder, and which rendered  
them quite powerless. That night—the night  
before the sale—some one came into her  
prison, gave her a suit of boy's clothes, bade  
her dress quickly and follow. She did so, &  
was placed by the unknown friend on a steam-  
boat bound for Pittsburg, and here she arrived  
safely."

"Her arm and shoulder were still disabled  
from the effects of the blow, by her chivalric  
would-be purchaser, but she was thankful to  
have got off so wonderfully; was hopeful for  
the future, and with a considerable company  
of emigrants, was promptly forwarded to the  
British dominions."

#### AN ANECDOTE.—The following anecdote from the New Hampshire Telegraph is too good to be lost:

Many years ago there was in the eastern  
part of Massachusetts, a worthy old D. D., &  
also a man who was eminently benevolent man  
and a good christian, yet it must be confessed,  
that he loved a good joke much better,  
even, than the most inveterate jokers. It was  
happened that the chair of the church had  
recently purchased a double bass viol. Not far  
from the church was a large pasture, and  
in a huge town bull. One hot Sabbath in  
the summer he got out of the pasture and  
came bellowing up the street. About the  
church there was plenty of untrodden grass,  
green and good, and Mr. Bull stooped to try  
the quality, perchance to ascertain if its  
location had improved its flavor, at any rate  
the reverend doctor was in the midst of his  
sermon, when—

"Boo-woo-woo," went the bull.  
The doctor paused, looked up at the singing  
seats, and with a grave face, said:  
"I would thank the musicians not to tune  
their instruments during service time, it annoys  
me very much."

The people started and the minister then  
went on.

"Boo-woo-woo," went the bull again, as he  
passed another green spot.

The parson paused again and addressed the  
choir:

"I really wish the singers would not tune  
their instruments while I am preaching as I  
remarked before, for it annoys me very  
much."

The people tittered, for they knew as well  
as any one, what the real state of the case  
was.—The minister went on again with his  
discourse, but he had not proceeded far before  
another "Boo-woo-woo" came from Mr. Bull.  
The parson paused once more, and again  
exclaimed:

"I have twice already requested the musi-  
cians in the gallery not to tune their instru-  
ments during sermon time. I now particu-

ly request Mr. Lefavor that he will not tune  
his double bass viol while I am preaching."  
This was too much. Lefavor got up too  
much agitated at the thought of speaking out  
in church and stammered out:  
"It isn't me, parson B—, it's the town  
bull!"

#### GENTLEMANLY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

BY FANNY FEEN.

Swear! Out upon such common attain-  
ments! So do the lowest and meanest that  
swim in the sinks of vice and drunkenness.  
There is not a ruffian who cannot boast the  
same accomplishment. Every recking den  
of devilry has its proficients. The most de-  
graded of humanity can swear as roundly as  
you. Hark! You hear it in the highway. In  
every spot where tipplers congregate, the  
oath, part of every breath. At night it  
comes with fearful distinctness from the  
drum-shop. And yet you are proud of your  
four-moulted wickedness, as though the vilest  
of the earth could not boast of the same.

Clew Tobacco! A loathsome spitting  
machine, eh! Beautiful and interesting ap-  
paratus, truly! A self-getting squirt-gun to  
eject the filthiest matter in creation! A  
Luna on two legs hesitating all within  
your reach without provocation even!—And  
because you eat tobacco and spit out the juice  
with mock dignity, you are a gentleman! Ho!  
ho! The race of fools is not extinct. Why,  
you slaving beast, it is no rare accomplish-  
ment to eat tobacco! You can't make your  
mouth fouler than the old vagabond who  
spends the shilling he has begged for rum &  
a pound of plug.—He can act as filth as you  
can. Can't you believe it? See him spit  
once! Mark the dark lines from each corner  
of his mouth, and the noisome stains of his  
shirt bosom. Rare accomplishment indeed  
for a gentleman.

Drink Champagne! Hark! Dear sir, the  
whole land is full of just such snickers. The  
raggedest, wiry haired, red nosed, black eyed  
old bloot in Christendom, can get as rich and  
foolish and as drunk as you can. And what's  
the difference! From the actions a looker-on  
could not determine what liquor the two had  
got drunk on. The one spews in the gutter  
and the other in his room. There is a differ-  
ence in the quality of the coats, but none in  
that of drunkenness. The common set can  
get as "only" on common whisky, as you can  
on pure—champagne. You drink with re-  
spectable tipplers and drunkards; he with  
those who are graduated in the common  
whisky cellar.

You are a gentleman, are you? Why are  
you? Go well dressed, do you? And so that  
makes a gentleman. Your whole aim of  
life is to adorn your person in a fashionable  
suit of clothes, practice a most unna-  
tural, and whirling before the glass. A fine  
suit of clothes, sir, cannot give a man a heart.  
You wear a monstrous and imperial, and  
does a great. A face may be covered with  
hair, and no brains in his head. Bear's grease  
and a fashionable twirl are all your de-  
pendence.

ADVICE OF AN OLD LADY.—Now, John,  
listen to me, for I am older than you, or I  
couldn't be your mother. Never do you mar-  
ry a young woman, John, before you have  
contrived to happen at the house where she  
lives at least four or five times before break-  
fast. You should know how late she lies in  
the morning. You should take notice whether  
her complexion is the same in the morning  
as it is in the evening, or whether the wash  
and towel have robbed her of her evening  
bloom. You should take care to surprise her  
so that you may see her in her morning dress,  
and observe how her hair looks when she is  
not expecting you. If possible you should be  
where you can hear the morning conversation,  
between her and her mother. If she is ill-  
natured and snappish to her mother, so will  
she be to you, depend on it. But if you find  
her up and dressed neatly in the morning,  
with the same countenance, the same smiles,  
the same neatly combed hair, the same ready  
and pleasant answers to her mother, which  
characterized her deportment in the evening,  
and particularly if she is lending a hand to  
get the breakfast ready in good season, she is  
a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her  
to yourself, the better.

The Delaware Legislature has chartered  
the Air Line Railroad through that State.  
The capital stock is to be \$4,000,000. The  
shares \$50 dollars each. When ten shares are  
are contributed the directors are to meet in  
Milford and to organize. Three years after  
the road is completed, 16 cents on every pas-  
senger carried is to be paid to the State, and  
ten cents for every ton of merchandise. The  
company is to be bound to form a Union with  
Companies in Delaware and other States.

#### Greenhouse in Winter.

Very few persons appear to know the value  
of the sponge in a greenhouse. I mean for  
the purpose of washing the leaves of all those  
plants with leaves broad enough to admit of  
it. I took the hint some five years ago from a  
neighbor, the most successful plant-grower. I  
have ever had the good fortune to know. His  
plants were always so especially fresh and  
healthy, that I was for a long time puzzled to  
understand his secret. But early one morning  
I caught him by a pail of slightly warm water,  
by his side sponging off the leaves of all his  
choice plants. I said to myself, "I have it,"  
I did more; I went home and practised it.  
My plants soon showed by their new aspect,  
that I was not wrong in my believing it to be  
the real secret of my neighbor's success.—  
They began to look brighter, healthier, and  
grow and bloom better than my utmost care  
had ever been able to make do before. And  
now strangers always ask the same question  
when they see my plants, that I used to ask  
my neighbor. My answer is—"Use the sponge."  
The pores of the leaf get filled with fine dust  
—and the plant chokes. Sponging does not  
wholly remove it; the sponge does.—*Horti-*  
*culturist.*

DIAMONDS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The  
Asheville News says that it is reported that

Mr. Deaver, in the North end of Buncombe,  
has recently found a substance strongly re-  
sembling, and believed by many to be the  
pure diamond. At all events it will cut both  
glass and steel. He will no doubt have the  
matter properly tested.

Papers, &c., from San Francisco, have ar-  
rived in New York in eighteen days. These  
came by the new route from Acapulco to Vera  
Cruz. That will do till we get something  
better, for which we shall not be required to  
wait long.

Miss Gould, the poetess, gives a ludicrous  
incident of the "mistake of the press," in refer-  
ence to a poem she had sent to a country ed-  
itor. She says:

"For the dew-drop that falls upon the fresh-  
ly blown roses."

The nasty beast made it, from "freshly blown  
roses."

There is an editor—a confirmed old bac-  
chus—who declines accepting wedding cake when  
he publishes a marriage. He says it looks  
like the countenancing matrimony.

"Oh my friend," said a doctor to an Irish pa-  
tient, "be composed—we must all die once."

"An't it that what vexes me," replied Pat, "if  
I could die half a dozen times, I'd not care a  
ha'penny about this time."

"There's our Gershom," said Mr. Shelton;  
"he must go off to the city to make a living  
by his wits."

"Well, how did he make out?" asked a  
friend.

"All," said the old man, with a sigh, tapping  
his forehead significantly, "he failed for want  
of capital!"

AN EDITOR'S VALUABLE.—The following  
is the verdict of a political editor out  
West:

"The undersigned retires from the editorial  
chair with a complete conviction that all is  
vanity. From the hour he started his paper,  
to the present time, he has been solicited to  
lie upon every given subject, and can't remem-  
ber ever having told a wholesome truth with-  
out diminishing his subscription list, or making  
an enemy. Under these circumstances of tri-  
al, and having a thorough contempt for him-  
self, he retires in order to recruit his moral  
constitution."

IN OLD VERMONT, time past, lived a queer  
old man named Fuller. He had lost part of  
his palate and was a rare specimen. He owned  
a mill, the water to which was brought for  
some distance through a wooden flume. One  
morning an apprentice informed him that the  
flume was full of suckers. Fuller posted him-  
self at its mouth, placing against it a large  
basket to catch the suckers in, while the boy  
went to the other end to hoist the gate. There  
came a "rush of many waters," carrying Fl-  
lure and basket over the overboard wheel and  
thirty feet below. All dripping he scrambled  
out, spitting, "you may think I'm an old id-  
iot, but I ain't quite such a darned fool that I  
can't see through that joke!" Almost anybody  
could.

#### SNOW SKATES.—Some of the Norwegians who reside here use the Lapland snow skates, which are described in the snow